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BY

HELEN ANDERSON HENNIG





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PUPPYDOG TALES

FOR
SLEEPYTIME



By
HELEN ANDERSON HENNIG



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DRAWN FROM LIFE

Win Kee Woodrough.

INTRODUCTION

Chinky-Chu, the little Pekingese dog, and Lassie, the big Collie, of these stories, are really and truly dogs, and almost all of the things they do in these stories are really and truly. Their talk to each other was translated as nearly correctly as was possible by the author.

To Bartow Peters Anderson, and all little
girls and boys who love and are
kind to Puppydogs.



Lassie Finds a Home



IT was late afternoon, and the beach was quite deserted, except for the figure of a little white dog. She came daintily picking her way along, now and then stopping to sniff a particularly queer looking bug, or to watch the sea gulls eating fish, or to try and catch one of the hundreds of little fiddler crabs that swarmed over the hot sands. Then she would run briskly on again along the beach.

She went so far that finally she became tired, and looked around for a cool place to rest, and saw an old boat that had been wrecked long ago, on the beach. So she thought that she would go up on it and rest a bit, before going back home. Just as she had found a place, she suddenly spied a dog coming down the beach. She gave a “woof-woof” of welcome, and dashed down the beach to meet her. The little dog thought her the most splendid dog that she had ever seen. She was very large, with a beautiful golden and white coat, and for all she was so big she looked very kind, so the little dog was not at all afraid of her, but ran right up and said, “Hello! My name is Chinky-Chu; who are you?”

“Hello!” replied the big dog, politely. “My name is Lassie,



and I'm glad to see you, as I'm lonesome way out here by myself."

"If you're lonely, why don't you go home?" suggested the little dog, practically.

"I haven't any," replied Lassie.

"Haven't any home," repeated Chinky-Chu, doubtfully. "I never heard of such a thing. I thought that all dogs had homes."

"Oh, no," said Lassie, "I had a sort of one, but the woman to whom I belonged didn't like dogs, and then the other day she went away on the train and just forgot all about me, I guess, because she didn't leave me anything to eat or a drink of water, so I started out to see if I could find some dinner, but I haven't found a thing so far."

"You'd better come with me then, Lassie," said Chinky-Chu. "I have a lovely large home right up this beach, and I have my very own dish for dinner, and my very own bowl for water, and I'll give you some of my meat."

"That's very kind of you, Chinky-Chu, but you're such a very tiny little dog that I don't believe your dinner would be big enough for a big dog like me."

"Well, how'd you like to come and live at my house and have a big dish of dinner every night and every morning?"

"I'd like to come and live with you, Chinky-Chu, but maybe the grown-ups wouldn't want me to stay."





"Oh! yes they will," and Chinky-Chu seemed most positive about it; "they love dogs at my house, so come on."

"All right," agreed Lassie, "let's start, then, for I'm awfully hungry."

The dogs started up the shore together, and a cunning pair they made—one so very, very big, and one so very, very small.

Presently Lassie asked, "Do you mind telling me just what kind of a dog you are, Chinky-Chu? I've never seen one like you; you're so very bow-legged and so very pug-nosed."

"It's not good manners to tell anybody that they have bow-legs and pug noses, especially when you have a nice, long, thin nose and nice, straight legs." Chinky-Chu spoke severely and her little wrinkled face looked funnier than ever as she reproved Lassie.

"Excuse me, Chinky-Chu; I didn't mean to forget my manners and be rude, and I really think your nose and legs very nice, indeed."

"Very well, then," and Chinky-Chu seemed quite good natured again, "I'll tell you about the kind of a dog that I am. I'm a Chinese dog, called a Pekingese. My family came from China, where we lived in a wonderful palace, and a beautiful Empress





owned us. We were called 'Royal Dogs' and only people who lived in palaces owned us, and then one day a wicked man stole some of us, and brought us across the ocean on a big boat, and that's how there happened to be any dogs like me in the United States."

You could see that Lassie was very much impressed by Chinky-Chu's story. She trotted along thinking of the wonderful palace in China and the wicked man who had stolen her, and she asked: "Which do you like better, Chinky-Chu—to be a little Chinese dog and live in a palace, or a little American dog and be free to play on all this beach?"

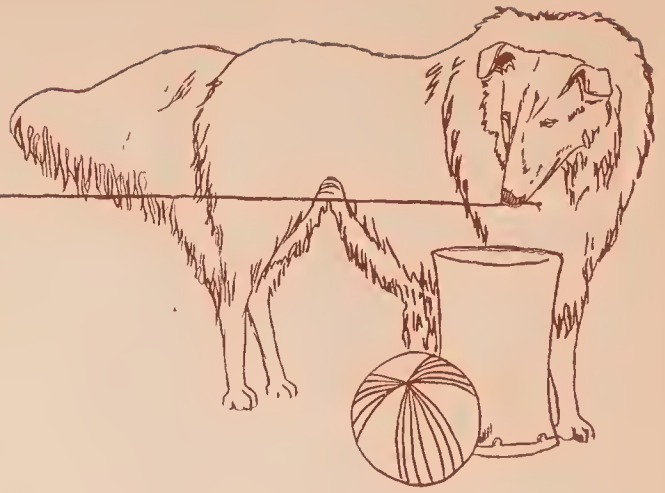
"I like to be an American dog better, of course. The girls and boys understand how to play with me better than the Chinese girls and boys do. And now tell me, what kind of a dog are you?"

"I'm from Scotland, and that's across the sea, too," replied Lassie. "We're called Collies, and we do a great deal of work as well as play. We are taught to herd cows and sheep and to guard the people who own us."

"I can see that you are very wise, Lassie, and I wish that you would teach me to do some of those things."

"Maybe I can," answered Lassie, doubtfully, "but your nose isn't very good for sniffing and your legs are so short and low on the ground that you'd probably miss a lot of things I see way up here."





"That's true," said Chinky-Chu, "but I'll tell you what we'll do; you sniff and look up high for things, and I'll sniff and look down low for things, and that way we won't miss a single bird or bug."

"That's a fine idea and we'll do it," agreed Lassie.

"Do you know, I was looking so hard down low that I nearly missed our house," laughed Chinky-Chu. "There it is, and there is the Girl-who-owns-me on the porch. She and the man with her are watching for me, I expect." And Chinky-Chu was most important as she told Lassie this.

Do you think I had better go up on the porch with you?" asked Lassie, timidly. "Maybe they won't want me."

"Oh yes, they will." Chinky-Chu was all confidence as she ran up the steps and on the porch, with Lassie following.

"Where have you been, Chinky-Chu?" cried the Girl-who-owned her, "and who's your big friend?"

Chinky-Chu went over and stood beside her and wriggled her little body ever so hard, and waggled her little tail ever so fast, trying in dog language to tell all about it, while Lassie stood quietly by, anxiously wondering if they would love her and let her stay there, too.

"She's a beautiful collie," said the Man-with-the-kind-voice "Here, Lassie, come over and see me."





"Aren't humans who love you wonderful?" thought Lassie; "he even knows my name." And she bounded over to him and talked and whined and tried to tell him all of her troubles.

"Why, I believe that Chinky-Chu brought her home to us and that's what they are trying to tell us," cried the Girl-who-owned-Chinky-Chu.

"Maybe so," said the Man-with-the-kind-voice. "Lassie, if you want to be my dog, come here and shake hands with me."

They all waited anxiously, wondering what Lassie would do, and little Chinky-Chu went across the porch and stood beside her encouragingly. Lassie stood looking at the Man-with-the-kind-voice for a few seconds, and then went slowly over to him, daintily lifted her right fore paw and placed it in his outstretched hand. And into her eyes, while they gravely shook hands, came a look of love and gratitude. Lassie had come home—to stay.





Chinky-Chu is Puppynapped



LASSIE had been living at the big house for a week now, and she had learned many things. In all her life she had never known that Puppydogs could have such good times. She had the “big bowl of water and the big dish of dinner” every morning and every night, just as Chinky-Chu had promised her she would, and what good things to eat they were. Everyone seemed to know just what Puppydogs liked in this house.

Lassie learned many other things, too. She found that funny little Chinky-Chu knew quite a lot of things she didn't, so the little dog offered to teach her how to act in the house; for Chinky-Chu had very nice manners and was always very polite, indeed. Chinky-Chu and the Girl-who-owned-her had a funny language all their own, and at first Lassie didn't understand it, but she was very smart and soon knew that when the Girl said, “Puppydogs, let's go to the ‘Piddy-Widdy’,” they were off to the Post Office to mail a letter. And sometimes on lovely, cool days, the Girl would say, “Puppydogs, let's go ‘Giddy-Widdy’,” and then they would dance around the door and give little play barks, for that meant a walk—a nice, long one—'way out in the country where they

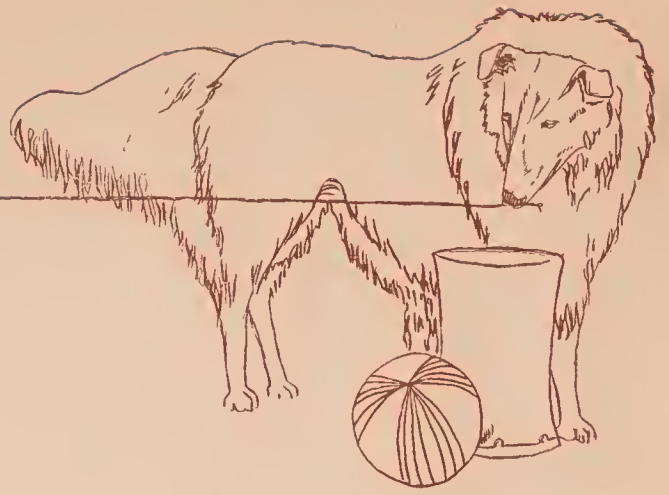


found lots of things to interest them. But it was not so much fun when the Girl would say, "It's time for a 'Tubby-Wub'," for that meant a bath, and they didn't like that one bit, for the Girl scrubbed them and rubbed them, ears, face and all. Chinky-Chu, especially, grumbled about that. After their bath the Girl always said, "Now let's get 'Brushy-Wushed'," and then she would take little Chinky-Chu right up on her lap and brush her till her coat glistened and the white part looked whiter and the golden spots looked more "Me-lah" than ever. "Me-lah" means "Golden-Amber" in Chinese, and that was exactly the color of Chinky-Chu's head and the three big spots on her body. Then it was Lassie's turn to be "Brushy-Wushed" and she was so big the Girl couldn't hold her on her lap, so she taught her to stand quietly until her beautiful coat shone and her white shirt front and her four white paws all looked as white as little Chinky-Chu's.

At first Lassie did not understand why the Girl talked to Chinky-Chu that way and she thot "Piddy-Widdy" and "Giddy-Widdy" and "Brushy-Wush" and "Tubby-Wub" were the funniest words she'd ever heard and very hard to learn beside, so she asked Chinky-Chu about it. "Is it because you're a Chinese Puppydog and can't understand English very well?"

"Not at all," explained Chinky-Chu; "I can understand Eng-





lish quite as well as you, but, you see, if any one should steal me and I was found, the Girl-who-owns-me would say, 'Let's go to the Piddy-Widdy,' and I guess when I started up the right street and went to the Post Office it would prove whose dog I was and they'd have to give me back to the Girl. So you see it's a very good idea."

"It is, indeed," agreed Lassie, "and I shall not forget any of the names for I don't ever want to leave here."

Lassie had learned to love the Girl-who-owned-Chinky-Chu dearly, but it was to the Man-with-the-kind-voice that she had given her whole heart, and every night she was waiting for him, and when his car came up the driveway she was first to meet him, and then she had to be petted while all the happenings of the day were told him by her, Chinky-Chu, and the Girl, all at one time; so you know he always had a jolly homecoming. Then the Man would give Lassie his hat and she would pick it up in her mouth and take it into the hall where she placed it on the stand. Then he would say, "Lassie, would you rather be a darky or a dead dog?" and she would groan, roll over and be dead till told to come to life again. The Man taught her that when he put three pieces of meat down in a row and said, "Don't touch," she must wait till he gave the word, "Take one," and then she would look them all over and take the biggest one every time. She could catch a ball, and speak, and do many other tricks.





Perhaps you've noticed I haven't told you about Chinky-Chu's tricks. She was a spoiled little dog, and after she learned to "sit up" she decided she didn't like to do tricks and wouldn't learn another; so when company came to the big house Lassie would do her tricks for them, as a good dog should, and Chinky-Chu wouldn't do her one trick, as a bad dog wouldn't.

The Puppydogs were playing in the street one day when a car came along and stopped by them, and two ugly men jumped out and before the dogs knew it they had been thrown into the back of the car and were being driven off.

Then they went quite a long way and finally drove into a garage. The men got out, and one said: "You dogs'll stay here till we sell you to the circus that's coming; then I guess you'll do your tricks," and he slapped at Chinky-Chu as they went out.

The Girl and the Man had missed the dogs and had been driving all over, looking for them. As they went past the garage where the frightened dogs were, the Man whistled, and was answered by two of the loudest barks you ever heard. He stopped and they came over to the door. "O Puppydogs, where are you?" called the Girl, and they almost tore the door down, trying to show her where they were locked up.





The ugly man came out and said, "Those are my dogs. Why are you calling them?"

The Man-with-the-kind-voice was opening the door and the dogs came bounding out, and how happy they were to see them. "You see whose dogs they are now, don't you?" asked the Man-with-the-kind-voice.

"I guess you can't prove they are your dogs," replied the ugly man.

"Oh yes, I can," spoke up the Girl, to the dogs' relief. "Puppydogs, let's go to the Piddy-Widdy." Like two streaks the dogs ran down the road, and then the Girl said, "If that doesn't prove it, come with us to the Post Office, where we'll find the dogs."

The ugly men grumbled, but the Girl and the Man jumped into the car and hurried to the Post Office where two dusty Puppydogs were waiting for them.

"Here they come, Lassie. I knew they would. My, but I'm glad the Girl thot of the 'Piddy-Widdy' and proved we didn't belong to those ugly men," said Chinky-Chu.

"I am, too," replied Lassie. I didn't want to be a circus dog."





Chinky - Chu's Chickens

EVERY afternoon, after they had each had a nap, you could see, if you happened to be on the beach, Lassie, the big collie Puppydog, all washed and brushed till she was clean as she could be, and Chinky-Chu, the little Pekingese Puppydog, all washed and brushed till she was clean as she could be, come out of the big house where they lived and start down the long stone steps that led to the beach, then they would race 'way up the shore, playing and barking as they went.

Lassie had lived in Florida ever since she could remember, but, of course, Chinky-Chu, being a Chinese dog, hadn't, so Lassie taught her lots of things about the birds and beasts that live down in the South.

The greatest fun the Puppydogs had was playing on the beach. There was always something new to learn about down there, and Chinky-Chu kept Lassie busy answering her questions.

As they were running along one afternoon Chinky-Chu inquired: "Are chickens tame, Lassie, or do they bite, or just bark at you?"

"It's plain to see you've always been a city dog," commented



Lassie. "Chickens aren't tame, and they don't bark or bite; they fly at you and scratch. You haven't seen any chickens on the beach, have you?"

"O yes, two big ones and one little one live up here. Several times I started to go see them, but every time I got near their house in the rocks they all made a queer noise and jumped in the water and swam off. Very rude, I think, for I can swim, too, and they never asked me to go with them."

"I never heard of chickens swimming like that," said Lassie. "Show me where they live."

"It's right beyond the palm tree in that bed of rocks. Let's pussy-foot up and see if they're home," suggested Chinky-Chu.

"I'm not a very good pussy-footer, replied Lassie, "but I will sneak up like a Fox."

They went slowly up to a crack in the rocks and Lassie put her long, sharp nose on Chinky-Chu's little, short, pug nose for a second, for that's the way dogs talk to each other, you know, and said, "Stand under me and look out from beneath my front legs, and then if there is any danger I can grab you up in a hurry."

Chinky-Chu did as she was told, and they both put a nose to the crack. Just then they heard an awful squawk and a loud





flapping of wings, and out came three queer-looking things, rolling Lassie and Chinky-Chu over as out they flopped. In a second they were in the water swimming as fast as ever they could, and the two Puppydogs were left picking themselves up.

"Gracious!" barked Lassie, "those aren't chickens at all; they're Buzzards."

"What are they?" asked ignorant Chinky-Chu.

"They're big birds, not chickens," explained Lassie, "and the three we just frightened away are friends of mine. They are police birds for all this beach."

Police birds!" gasped Chinky-Chu. "Do you s'pose they'll arrest me for scaring them?"

"'Police' doesn't mean that; it means 'clean up.' It's an army expression I learned from a Belgian Police dog who was in the war." And Lassie was most superior as she told her this. "Come on, let's call Billy Buzzard and his wife, Betty Buzzard, back; I haven't seen the baby yet."

"Looks like a pretty big baby to me," remarked Chinky Chu.

"You're so little anything looks big to you," said Lassie, rather unkindly, Chinky-Chu thot.

Lassie barked her name out loudly and as soon as Billy Buzzard heard it he and his family all came swimming back at a great rate.





“Didn’t know it was you, Lassie, or we wouldn’t have left. This is my baby, Bunny Buzzard. Isn’t he a fine young Buzzard?”

“I should say he is,” said Lassie. “And this is my best friend, Chinky-Chu. She’s a Chinese dog and doesn’t know very much about the birds and beasts in this country. She thot you were a chicken, Billy Buzzard.”

“Well, well,” laughed Billy, “that is a joke, for I am a very fierce bird. But I am great friends with Lassie; she knows more than any dog I ever knew; and so I will be friends with you, Chinky-Chu.”

“Thank you,” said the little dog.

“Billy Buzzard,” called Mrs. Betty Buzzard, “ask your friends in to supper. I have a fine fish for you to eat.”

They made short work of the fish, and as they didn’t have plates, the way they did at home, their paws were very fishy and their white shirt fronts very dirty.

“We’ll have to go now,” said Lassie, so they thanked the Buzzards very politely for their supper and started home.

“Aren’t we dirty!” exclaimed Chinky-Chu. “Let’s take a swim. I’d like to get clean before I go home.”

In they went and took a good swim, which made them feel





fine, but did not seem to get them clean, and by the time they got home the coats that had been as clean as ever they could be were 'most as dirty as ever they could get.

When the Girl-who-owned-Chinky-Chu saw them she cried, in dismay: "I sent two clean Puppydogs out to play, and two dirty ones come home. Don't you think you ought to be spanked?"

And the Puppydogs wagged their tails fast;—they didn't.





Chinky-Chu and Lassie



CHINKY CHU was cross! Chinky-Chu, the best natured little Pekingese puppydog you could imagine, was just plain cross.

It all started early one morning. Chinky-Chu was, as usual, nicely cuddled up on the foot of the bed taking an extra forty winks, when suddenly the Girl-who-owned-her jumped out of bed, and off she rolled onto the floor. It didn't hurt her a bit but she must have rolled off the wrong side of the bed, for when the Girl laughed a careless "Excuse me, Chinky-Chu," her feelings were decidedly hurt. People ought not to bounce out of bed that way and never think of puppydogs and let them go bang on the floor. She was surprised at the Girl. And when she stooped to give her a pat, Chinky-Chu drew back and stalked out of the room. Down the stairs she went to see the cook. Maybe a piece of bacon would make her feel better. Magnolia, the good-natured darky cook, greeted her with, "Good mawnin', lil sugah-pie dawg, how is you this day?" and so saying, she reached down and gave Chinky-Chu's tail a playful pull. Now if there was anything that made Chinky-Chu madder than to have Magnolia call her "lil sugah-pie



dawg," it was to have anybody pull her tail; so she pretended not to see the piece of bacon Magnolia held out to her and went over to the door and gave a sassy, loud bark to be let out. The cook laughed at her as she opened the door and Chinky-Chu was so cross she didn't even wag a "thank you" with her tail, as she was accustomed to do.

Out on the big porch she paused, looking for Lassie, her col-lie friend who never failed her. She was nowhere to be seen, so Chinky-Chu thot she'd go look for her. She went down the long steps and on to the lower porch by the sea that both the dogs liked best of all, and there was Lassie. She ran toward her, intending to tell her all her troubles, and then suddenly stopped perfectly still. The worst thing of all had happened; Lassie was lying there calmly eating up her Best Bone!

"That's my bone, Lassie; give it to me this minute!" barked Chinky-Chu.

"O Hello!" returned Lassie. "I guess this is MY bone, for I found it under the fig tree."

"I put it there last night, and it is, too, mine, and if you don't give it to me right now I'll come and take it." The little dog looked so fierce it was funny, for Lassie was five times as big as she was.





"You can't." And Lassie went on gnawing the bone in a most irritating manner.

"I can," Chinky-Chu barked and jumped at the same time for the bone, and landed on top of Lassie's head, making frantic attempts to take it away from her.

They were making an awful noise. Chinky-Chu, for the first time in her life, was mad at Lassie and she was barking as loud as she knew how. Lassie was barking at a great rate, too, but only in play, for hadn't the Man-with-the-kind-voice told her never to hurt the little dog, but always take care of her? Just as the uproar was at its worst the Girl-who-owned-Chinky-Chu came out to see what was the matter. She picked the little dog up and said, "What in the world is the matter with you, Chinky-Chu? You are so naughty, I don't believe you feel well. Let Lassie have that bone, and be a good little dog for a change." And she took Chinky-Chu on the upper porch.

Her bone!—her very "Best Bone!" It was the biggest one she had ever owned—and the Girl had let Lassie have it! She sat down in a dejected attitude and thot things all over. It was too much when a dog couldn't even have her very own bones. She was crosser than ever by this time and she stayed in a dark corner of the porch and didn't even answer when Magnolia called to breakfast.





She stayed there a long while and pretty soon she heard the Girl call: "Puppydogs, let's go for a ride." When the Girl said that it was always hailed with delight by the dogs for they loved to ride, and had lots of fun taking turns barking at horses and mules; but today Chinky-Chu was so out of humor that she thot she'd wait for the Girl to come and find her. A very spoiled little dog was Chinky-Chu! She waited quite a long time while she listened to the Girl patiently call her and tell Lassie to "go find her." Lassie did her best, but some way she overlooked the dark corner where Chinky-Chu had hidden. Finally she heard the Girl say, "Well, Lassie, we've done our best; we'll go and let the naughty little dog stay home."

"Why, they don't even play right today," thot Chinky-Chu. "They ought to find me, but I'll run up now and surprise them, for, of course, they won't really go and leave me."

She went across the porch and out to the place on the driveway where the car always stood, and—what do you think!—the car was gone and she was just in time to see it turn the corner and to hear Lassie bark at a Mule—and it had been her turn to bark, too. Chinky-Chu could hardly believe her eyes. Left her! What would happen next? The more she thot of it the crosser and crosser she became.





"I know what I'll do—I'll go down and jump in the ocean and when they come home I'll be all drowned." And then she happened to think she could swim like a little fish and it would be hard to drown.

"I know what I'll do, then," she thot; "I'll go see if any of my Best Bone is left, and I'll run away—maybe clear to China—and never come back, and I guess the Girl and Lassie will wish they had taken me." She ran down to find the bone, and sure enough there was quite a lot of it left, so she picked it up and off she went.

Chinky-Chu was a funny sight as she trotted along, her plummy tail held high, her queer little bow-legs going as fast as they could, a cross look on her face, and the Best Bone held tightly in her mouth. She went what seemed to her like a long way, and then sat down and ate the bone all up. After that she didn't know just what to do, so she wandered along till finally she realized she was hungry, and thirsty, too, and she turned around and started back, but some way she missed the road and before she knew it, she was lost!

Chinky-Chu didn't know what to do, so she sat there and wished she had never been so naughty. The Girl really hadn't meant to hurt her, and Magnolia hadn't pulled her tail hard, and





she might have been nicer to Lassie about the Best Bone, for Lassie often lent her one of hers, and she might even now be riding with them if she hadn't hidden and not minded, and some way, looking back on the day, she thot maybe they'd be glad she was gone and not try to find her!

Then came a loud "woof woof." It was Lassie barking, "Where are you, Chinky-Chu?"

And Chinky-Chu answered with the loudest "woof-woof" of her life, "Here I am." Lassie came up, all out of breath, and took her to the car, scolding her all the way. Chinky-Chu was so glad to be found she meekly took the scolding, and tried to show the Girl how sorry she was when she got into the car.

"If you're bad again and run away, I won't try to find you," threatened Lassie. "You worried the Girl a lot."

"I'm sorry I was bad," humbly replied Chinky-Chu, "and I'll never run away again."

"All right, then," said Lassie, "you may have first bark at all the Mules we see on the way home."





A Picnic for Puppydogs

CHINKY-CHU!" called Lassie. Her ears were up and a look of excitement was in her eyes. "Where DO you suppose that little old Pekingese is now?" she thot. "I'm glad I'm a great big Collie so when they want to find me I can't be overlooked." All this time she was running along sniffing the ground, trying to find which way the little dog had gone, then she got the scent and away she flew down the beach till she came upon Chinky-Chu, who was taking a nice sun bath after her swim.

"Hurry up and come on home," said Lassie. "Things look like a picnic for us."

That was enough for Chinky-Chu, for Lassie and she liked to go on picnics about the best of anything. They trotted home as fast as they could, and there the Man-with-the-kind-voice was putting the lunch in the car, along with Lassie's ball, for they always had a game when they went on a picnic. Then the Girl-who-owned-Chinky-Chu came out and put a little box and a big box in the car. At that Lassie and Chinky-Chu jumped into the back seat without being told, for they knew the little box was Chinky-Chu's picnic lunch and the big box was Lassie's picnic lunch.



Off they went. The Puppydogs loved to ride, especially when they had the whole back seat to themselves, big Lassie on one side and little Chinky-Chu on the other, each riding with their front paws on the side of the car and their heads way out so they wouldn't miss a thing.

Finally they came to the picnic ground and they all got out. The dogs ran around and had a good game of tag while the grown-ups were arranging the picnic lunch on the grass. Lassie was discovered dragging her lunch box away, along with the box she thot had a cake in it, when the Girl saw her just in time and said: "Now, Puppydogs, you both run and play till after we eat and then you can have your lunch." So the dogs wandered around, looking the place over. There was a house close by, so they went into the yard to see if a dog lived there, but only a big black cat was to be seen. Chinky-Chu growled at him and the cat arched its back, and said, "Spt-st-t-t!" in such a fierce manner that Chinky-Chu ran around the house to find Lassie.

"Let's go back and eat," said Chinky-Chu. "There's no fun here." They were just starting down the hill when they spied an old mother hen bringing her brood of little "biddies" home for the night. Now the puppydogs had been taught never to chase chickens, and to be kind to all the birds and beasts, but Chinky-





Chu chased a chicken once, and she secretly thot it was fun to hear them squawk and see them run; silly things—didn't even know she wouldn't hurt them. The old hen saw them and started to run, clucking to the little biddies to hurry along. As they started to run, Chinky-Chu could not resist teasing the hen just a little, so she ran toward them, and of course the little biddies flew in every direction. Lassie ran after Chinky-Chu, calling her to stop, but by this time there was no stopping her; she was having too much fun trying to chase all the chickens at once, and then, what do you think? Lassie started chasing chickens, too. Round and round they ran, the big dog and the little dog and the old hen and all the little biddies, the chickens all squawking and the dogs barking. They made such a lot of noise that the grown-ups all left the picnic lunch which they were just starting to eat, and came rushing up to see what was happening, and at the same time a man came out of the house with a shot gun in his hands.

"Don't shoot the dogs!" cried the Man-with-the-kind-voice. "I'll get them."

"I said I'd shoot the next dogs I saw chasing my chickens." And the Man-with-the-gun looked as tho he meant it.

"Chinky-Chu, you stop chasing chickens this minute!" cried the Girl-who-owned-her.





The dogs heard her and tried to stop, but it was too late, for Lassie was coming at a great rate of speed and so was Chinky-Chu, and first thing you knew they bumped heads and all fell in a heap.

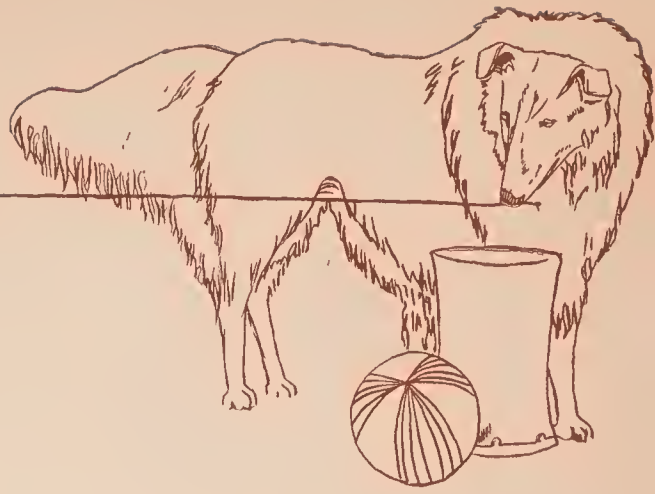
They picked themselves up, rubbed their heads a bit, and then an awful sight met their eyes. A little chicken was lying on the ground, looking very queer and quiet. The puppydogs looked at each other a minute and then Lassie said: "O, Chinky-Chu, we've hurt a little biddie." Then all the people came hurrying up and the Man-with-the-gun said, "Now look what your dogs did!—broke a chicken's leg. They ought to be shot."

The puppydogs looked so sorry and ashamed that the Man-with-the-kind-voice said, "I'll buy the chicken." So he gave him some money, and the Man-with-the-gun left.

Then the Man-with-the-kind-voice found two pieces of thin wood and tore the Girl's handkerchief in strips, took the poor little chicken up in his hands and gently bound its leg up. "We'll take it home, of course," he said, "and if everybody's is good to it, it will get well and walk again."

"I'll get Billy Buzzard to find worms for it, and I'll bring them to it every day," said Lassie.





"I'll give it my biggest bone," promised Chinky-Chu.

Quietly the puppydogs followed the Man and saw him put the little chicken in the car. They felt pretty bad because the Girl and the Man looked so sorry, and that made them feel worse than if they had been scolded.

"I wouldn't own such bad dogs," said one of the grown-ups to the Girl-who-owned-Chinky-Chu.

"They aren't really bad," defended the Girl, "but sometimes puppydogs are naughty, just like little girls and boys."

"Well, let's eat now," suggested the Man.

Everybody turned to the place where the lunch had been so nicely arranged and what they saw made even Lassie and Chinky-Chu too surprised to move. Two big black and white cows were calmly eating up all the lunch!

"Shoo!" everybody cried to the cows.

"Don't chase them, puppydogs; you might break their legs," said the Girl.

"Let's go home and have Magnolia cook us a good supper," the Man suggested. This has been an awful picnic," and he looked right at Chinky-Chu and Lassie as he said it.

From the back seat of the car Chinky-Chu glanced down and saw a little box and a big box lying on the floor. "Goody! the

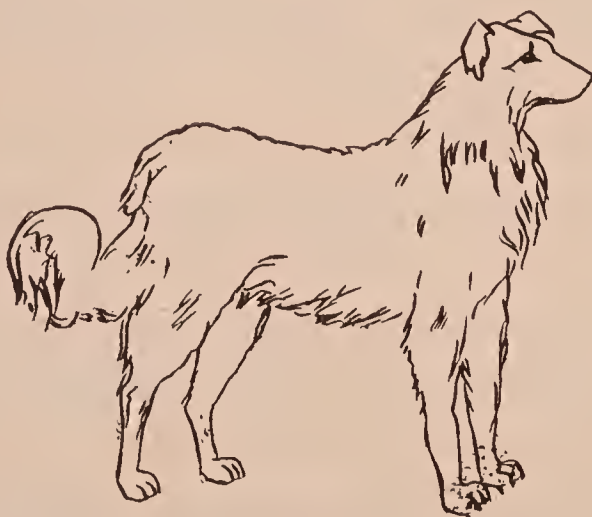




cows didn't eat our lunch, Lassie; let's eat." And she jumped down and began to tear a hole in the box and eat. Lassie did the same thing, and they were still eating when the car stopped and they were home again.

"Well, look at the puppydogs' picnic," said the Man. "Chickens and cows didn't stop them, bad as they were." He lifted the little chicken out and asked: "Puppydogs, will you ever chase chickens again?"

And both Lassie and Chinky-Chu wagged their tails, they wouldn't.





Lassie In The Movies



LIFE had been very quiet for the last few weeks. Little Chinky-Chu had been so good that the Girl-who-owned-her felt that she must be grown up at last, and Lassie had hopes that perhaps a Pekingese could grow up to be most as good as a Collie.

This afternoon the puppydogs were taking turns gnawing a bone. It was really Lassie's, but she always let Chinky-Chu have some of every bone she got, as they didn't give her big ones like she had. It was Lassie's turn on the bone, so Chinky-Chu started her little bow legs up the walk to meet Wing Lee Gee, the Chinese laundry boy who came to the big house with laundry. He and Chinky-Chu were great friends, both being Chinese, and it always made Lassie cross when Wing Lee Gee talked to Chinky-Chu in Chinese, because she couldn't understand it.

"Tor Son," said Wing Lee Gee to her, which in Chinese means "good morning."

"Toof Soof," said Chinky-Chu, politely, in dog Chinese.

Lassie left her bone and came over to her. "You think you are awf'ly smart, talking Chinese like that, but I know something



you don't, and it's about me, too," and she was very important about it.

"You don't need to tell me if you don't want to," replied Chinky-Chu.

"Well, then, I'll tell you. Remember the other day the Man took me with him, and you and the Girl stayed home?"

"M-m-m," growled Chinky-Chu.

"I was in a Movie," and Lassie looked very pleased and proud as she spoke.

"What's that?" asked Chinky-Chu.

"I declare, you never know anything except Chinese," returned Lassie. "A Movie is a place where you go to see a moving picture. They took one to make money for the Dogs and Cats Hospital, and that's where the Man took me. I acted in it."

"What did you do?" demanded Chinky-Chu.

"A lot of things. I did several of my tricks, and ate two ice cream cones while a little boy did, too; it was a race to see who ate them quickest, and I did," modestly said Lassie." And then a girl was having her shoes blacked by a little colored boot-black, and when they told me to, I jumped in between the little boy and the girl, and upset the little boy and the girl and the stand and everything. It was awfully funny, I know, because everybody laughed so loud."





Chinky-Chu's little pug nose got more and more out of joint as she listened to the story Lassie told. Funny they didn't ask her to be in the picture. Even if she wasn't big enough to go 'round knocking little boot-blacks over she could have done something. It just wasn't fair!

"It's being shown over at that picture theatre on the hill now," continued Lassie, "and tonight the Man is going to take the Girl and me to see it."

"Me, too?" asked Chinky-Chu.

"You're too little," said Lassie. "You know, I often go to Movies with the Man. I'm so big he buys a seat for me just like people and I sit up and see it all, but you're so tiny you couldn't see if they did take you. I'll tell you about it tomorrow."

This was too much for Chinky-Chu. They were going to leave her home! Lassie went back to her bone, and Chinky-Chu wandered up the walk and out to the street, thinking over all Lassie had said. There was the very place, just up the hill, where even now Lassie's picture was being shown. She went up the street until she came to the theatre. Quite a crowd were going in. And then the big idea struck her—SHE would go in and see it by herself!

She waited till a lot of people were going in at one time and





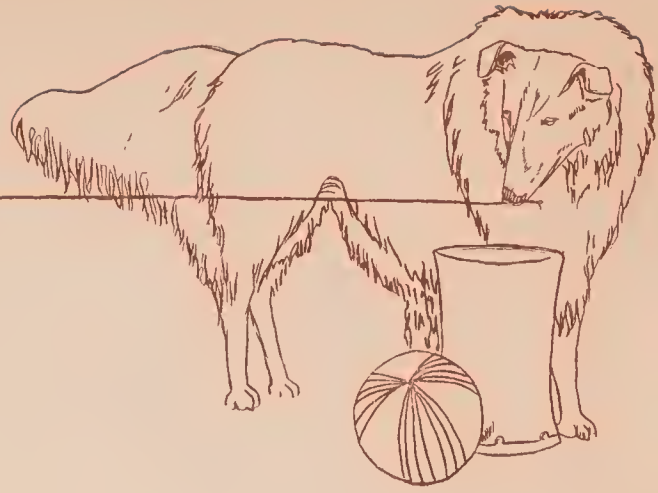
then she slipped in between their feet so quickly that no one saw her do it.

Finally she was in. Her little heart was beating as fast as it could beat. She had never been in a place like this before, and the darkness frightened her, and the funny noises, but she was bound she would see it. She edged her way over to one of the aisles where no one happened to be just then, and looked around, trying to see where Lassie's picture was. Suddenly her eye found the screen. There was Lassie just in the act of knocking the little boot-black over! For a second Chinky-Chu could hardly believe her eyes. Then she gave the biggest "woof-woof" she knew how and started down the aisle to get in the fun. She looked like a little white streak as she went, barking every bit of the way. She found the stairs that led onto the stage, and up she went. By this time everybody was frightened and crying, "Mad dag!" and starting to leave, when in came Lassie and the Girl-who-owned Chinky-Chu. They had been looking everywhere for her, and Lassie had at last sniffed her there.

"Chinky-Chu!" called the girl, and Lassie dashed up on the stage to her.

"Why, it's the Picture dog," said some one, and everybody began clapping their hands. Lassie and Chinky-Chu were so as-





tonished they just stood still, and the man who owned the theatre came over and asked the Girl if she thot Lassie would do her tricks for the little girls and boys who were there that day, for they were little sick children from a hospital and they didn't have a chance to see things very often.

"Of course, Lassie will love to make the little children happy," said the Girl.

Then the man went up on the stage with the puppydogs and told Lassie what to do, and she did every single trick she knew, and when little Chinky-Chu saw Lassie being so good and kind, and how happy she was making all the children, without being told, she sat up. It was her only trick, but she wanted to help make them happy, too, and she did, for when they saw her, so cunning and little, sitting up just as long as she could, they clapped their hands with delight.

Then they came down, and all the children had to pet them both, and it was hard to tell who was happier, the children or Lassie and Chinky-Chu.

On the way home the Girl said: "Chinky-Chu, I don't know what to do with you. You were a naughty puppydog to run away. I was going to take you to see the picture tonight and hold you so you could see Lassie, and then you were a naughty puppydog and





ran away. How can I ever bring you up to be a good little Pekingese?"

But Chinky-Chu just wagged her tail and looked pleased with herself. She was glad she had been naughty, for she had seen Lassie in the picture, and been on the stage, too; and best of all, they had both made the little girls and boys happy.





The Puppydogs' Ride

IT was a hot afternoon and Lassie, the big Collie, and Chinky-Chu, the little Pekingese, were lazily sprawled out on the cool floor of the porch by the sea, which was their favorite place on warm days, for from it they could see up and down the beach, and if anything exciting happened, these two puppydogs were always sure to be the first ones there. They were taking a nap, each with one eye closed and one eye open, so if they needed to they could wake up in a hurry. From the one eye that was open, Lassie and Chinky-Chu drowsily noticed Mr. Billy Buzzard teaching his baby, Bunny Buzzard, how to catch fish. A big old Pelican, that ugliest of all birds, swooped down and caught the very fish that Bunny Buzzard was trying to get, took it in his enormous bill and soared off, looking like a little aeroplane as he flew out over the ocean. All these things they noticed, and then Lassie yawned a big yawn and observed: "Old Pelican looked like an Aeroplane, didn't he, Chinky-Chu?"

The tiny dog yawned a little yawn and said: "How would you like to really ride in a real Aeroplane?"

"I'd love it," replied Lassie, "but I guess you'd be scared, you're so little."



"You're always telling me how 'little' I am," grumbled Chinky-Chu. I may be little, but just the same, I'm 'Lion-hearted,' and that means very brave. All Pekingese dogs are like that, so I guess I wouldn't, either, be afraid to go up in a 'plane.' "

"Next time that Hydroplane lights down at the end of the Pier let's ask them to take us up, Chinky-Chu."

Let's do," she agreed.

Not far from the big house was the Pier, where boats docked, and now and then a Hydroplane landed, and Lassie and Chinky-Chu sometimes went down and saw them, but always the Man-with-the-kind-voice went with them, for the Pier was a dangerous place for little girls and boys and puppydogs, unless the grown-ups were along.

Lassie and Chinky-Chu both closed an eye once more, and were just nicely starting on a dream about bones, and mules, and Aeroplanes, and everything dogs like, when they heard a mighty whirring. They both jumped up, thinking it was Old Pelican back after another fish. Down they ran on the beach—and what do you think they saw!

A huge Hydroplane right above them, circling around and around. They watched it slowly come down and light on the water, then it floated in to the end of the Pier and was tied up.





“Come on, Chinky-Chu, now’s our chance,” Lassie barked, and started up the beach and out to the Pier.

Little Chinky Chu barked her acceptance of Lassie’s plan, and followed as fast as her funny bow-legs could go. When they reached the Hydroplane quite a lot of people were already there, and the young Aviator was telling the crowd that he had come to stay several days and would take people up for ten dollars a trip.

“Gracious,” thot Chinky-Chu, “we can’t go up, for puppydogs never have any money, but maybe if Lassie and I brought all our bones down they would take them instead of money.” So she ran back home as fast as ever she could run and picked up the biggest bone she could find, and rushed back with it. She got there just in time to hear the Aviator say, “I’ll take any one up for a trial ride, right now—any one at all that wants to go.”

At that Chinky-Chu could wait no longer. She ran over to him and laid the bone at his feet, wagging her tail and looking up into his eyes, as if she were trying to talk. Lassie, who had missed her, came bounding to her side.

They looked awfully cunning standing there, the big dog and the little one, each wagging her tail and glancing over to the ’plane.

“Take the dogs for a ride, why don’t you?” suggested one of





the men in the crowd. Everybody laughed and the Aviator said, "I will if nobody else will go. They don't look afraid."

He got into the 'plane, and no one wanted to go with him. Just as he was going to start, a man picked up Chinky-Chu and said, "Here, take the little dog along," and tossed Chinky-Chu right down into the back seat. She was so surprised for a second she was barkless, then she saw Lassie on the end of the pier, frantically barking for them to bring Chinky-Chu back.

"O Lassie, please come, too," called Chinky-Chu.

It was a long jump for even big Lassie to make, but she knew the Girl-who-owned-Chinky-Chu depended on her to take care of the little dog, so she barked, "I'm coming," then gave a mighty leap and landed right on the seat beside Chinky-Chu.

"That WAS a jump," said Lassie, all out of breath.

"Isn't this lovely?" asked Chinky-Chu, all happy, now Lassie was there.

Before Lassie could answer the engine started up, and Chinky-Chu and Lassie hadn't known there could be so much noise in all the world. It was enough to frighten anybody.

"Scared?" inquired Lassie, shivering a little as she asked it.

"O no," and Chinky-Chu shook a little as she answered.

Suddenly they left the water and rose 'way up in the air and





it seemed to the puppydogs that they were miles and miles high. They looked over the side of the 'plane, and the water, and the Pier, and the big house they lived in looked so far away they both really thot they would never get back to them again. They were both frightened almost barkless by now, but of course Chinky-Chu couldn't let Lassie know how scared she was, because she had really rather bragged about being so "Lion-hearted," which means very brave, and equally, of course, Lassie couldn't tell Chinky-Chu she was afraid, because she had rather bragged about being so big.

Just then the plane shot downward, and the puppydogs were so scared they didn't have a single bark left in their bodies.

They lit on the water as suddenly as they had left it, the engine stopped, and they floated up to the pier.

"Cats and codfish!" gasped Chinky-Chu, as they landed, which was what she always said when most excited, as she didn't like cats, and did love codfish.

"Mules and mush!" gurgled Lassie, which was what she always said when most excited, as she didn't like mules and did love mush.

Quite a crowd had now gathered, and as the Aviator lifted Chinky-Chu over and Lassie jumped out, the boys all yelled, "Some dogs!" and the puppydogs felt very important and brave with everybody looking at them.





"Why, it's Lassie and Chinky-Chu," cried a voice, and the Girl-who-owned-Chinky-Chu and the Man-with-the-kind-voice came out of the crowd.

"Don't scold them," said the Aviator, "for it's really all my fault. They threw the little dog in and then the big one jumped in after her."

Lassie went over and politely offered a paw to him, and they shook hands; then Chinky-Chu wagged a little "thank you" with her tail, and they started proudly home.

"You weren't scared 'way up in the air, were you, Chinky-Chu?" asked Lassie.

"I should say not; I was even more 'Lion-hearted' than I thot I'd be," fibbed Chinky-Chu.

"So was I," fibbed Lassie back.





Puppydogs and Ice Cream



IT was Sunday, and there was to be company at the big house for dinner. The puppydogs knew it because they heard Magnolia, the darky cook, tell the ice-man to leave lots of ice down in the basement, because she was “goin’ to make ice cream.” As one puppydog they went to the basement and sat, one on each side of the ice-cream freezer, patiently waiting for Magnolia, and hoping she would be feeling good-natured today, and give them the bowl to lick.

When Magnolia finally did come she was in a hurry, and sort of cross. “Lassie,” she said, “a great big Collie like you is, is too big to be eatin’ ice cream, an’, Chinky-Chu, a lil ol’ Pekingese like you is, is to lil to be eatin’ ice cream; you all don’ get none this day.”

Then Magnolia took a big bowl of creamy looking stuff and poured it into the freezer, filling the can way up full. As she was about to put the top on a voice from upstairs called her and she hurried on up to see what was wanted.

Now, Lassie and Chinky-Chu were really well-brought-up puppydogs, and they knew perfectly that they ought not to touch



the ice cream, but . . . “Wasn’t old Magnolia mean, saying that about not giving us any ice cream?” asked Lassie.

“Serve her glad if we ate it all up—stingy old thing!” said little Chinky-Chu.

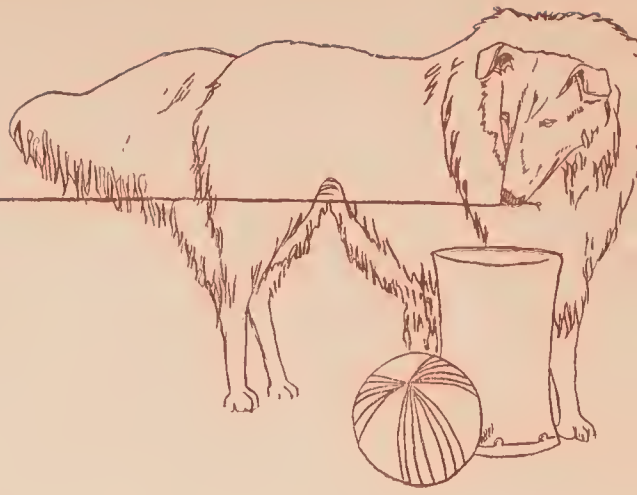
At that Lassie looked at Chinky-Chu, and Chinky-Chu looked at Lassie, and as one puppydog they both went over to the ice-cream freezer. Lassie lifted Chinky-Chu up by the back of her neck and she climbed on the edge of the freezer where she balanced herself, while she put her little black pug nose in the ice cream, and lapped a little lap, and Lassie put her long, sharp nose in the ice cream, too, and lapped a big lap.

They were having the best kind of a little party, and so taken up were they that Magnolia was right in the basement before they heard her.

“You dawgs git youself outen here!” cried the angry Magnolia. “I’s goin’ to tell how bad you is, and then you’ll be sorry.”

Lassie started to run out the door, and looked back for Chinky-Chu, but she was not to be seen. Worried, Lassie came back just in time to see the ice-cream freezer roll over and a mixture of ice, and puppydog, and cream all coming out of it. Chinky-Chu had fallen in! In her hurry to escape Magnolia she had lost her balance, and in she went, head first!





“Great Day!” exclaimed Magnolia, as she saw the little dog dripping with cream till you couldn’t tell whether she was a puppydog or a pussycat.

The Girl-who-owned-her, hearing all the noise, came down to find out what all the trouble was about. “Chinky-Chu,” she cried, “I am ashamed of you, and Lassie, too—so greedy you couldn’t wait till dinner for your ice cream. Now Magnolia will have to make more, and I know two puppydogs who won’t get a bit.”

That sounded pretty bad, so Lassie and Chinky-Chu went down on the beach, and while Chinky-Chu took a swim to get clean again, Lassie told their friend Billy Buzzard, and Pippy, their little chicken, all about how Chinky-Chu fell into the ice-cream freezer. It was a sad tale and both Billy Buzzard and Pippy agreed that cooks were the most hard-hearted of all grown ups, and that, anyway, it was Magnolia’s fault for not giving them some in the first place.

The puppydogs sat down on the beach and talked with their friends while Chinky-Chu dried in the sun, and after a while two little boys came down on the shore and climbed into a row-boat that was tied to a stake, a short distance from where the puppydogs were.

The children worked and worked at the rope which tied the





boat, and at last it came loose, and the little boys had a real boat to play in. They were having such a good time they didn't notice that the boat was drifting too far out to be safe for such little boys. Too late the smallest boy tried to reach the rope which was floating near him on the water. He leaned way out to try and get it, lost his balance, and fell in.

"Just like me in the freezer, Lassie," giggled Chinky-Chu. But faithful Lassie didn't even hear her. She was off up the beach, running toward the little boy, barking to Chinky-Chu to go get the Man-with-the-kind-voice as fast as she could.

The grown ups were eating their luncheon when Chinky-Chu appeared at the dining room door barking as loud as she could bark.

"Stop being so noisy, and run away," said the Girl.

"She's trying to tell us something." The Man-with-the-kind-voice always understood puppydogs. "Excuse me and I'll see what it is."

When Chinky-Chu saw that he was coming she dashed down to the beach and the Man followed her.

Brave Lassie had not waited for help but had started to swim out to the little boy, and just as Chinky-Chu and the Man got





there she had reached him, taken the child's shirt firmly between her powerful teeth and was bringing him back to shore.

The Man waded into the water, calling to Lassie to bring the little boy all the way in. Then he swam out to the boat, climbed in, and rowed the other little boy safely back to the beach.

By this time Chinky-Chu's barking had brought the Girl, and all the grown ups who were at the big house for dinner, down to see what was the matter. They got there just in time to take the little boy from Lassie. The Man brought the other little boy in, and then everybody had a great time. They made a big fuss over the children, who stopped crying and joined in the general petting that Lassie was getting, and Chinky-Chu, too, for she had helped in her little way as much as Lassie had in her big way.

"How about ice cream for two little boys and two little pup-pydogs?" asked the Man, as they all went back to the house.

"There's sense to that idea," said Chinky-Chu to Lassie.

They took them right into the dining room, all wet and drippy, and put the little boys up to the table, while Chinky-Chu and Lassie sat at the Man's feet, each with a big dish of ice cream before her.

As they were lapping it up, Chinky-Chu looked over to Lassie,





who was about ready for another dish, and asked, "Who said we couldn't have ice cream? I wish Magnolia could see us now."

Just then Magnolia did come in, serving some more ice cream.

"Great Day!" she exclaimed as she saw them.

And the puppydogs 'most laughed in her face.





Lassie And The Alligator

THE Puppydogs were lying in front of the fireplace, having a good old romp. The big Collie, Lassie, was lying full length on the rug, while the saucy little Pekingese, Chinky-Chu, was frisking around, jumping on her as hard as she could, and then Lassie, with one push of her paw, would send her flying across the room, but in an instant she would be back again, biting at Lassie's huge mouth with its cruel-looking teeth that could easily have killed Chinky-Chu with one bite. Sometimes the little dog's whole front paw would be in the big dog's mouth and it looked as tho Lassie were going to swallow her at one mouthful; but the big dog never played too rough, for she loved little Chinky-Chu as much as Chinky-Chu loved her.

Finally they tired of playing that way, and were just having a fine time running all over the house, rumpling the rugs as they ran, when the Girl-who-owned-Chinky-Chu came in and saw what they were up to.

"I don't believe you're Puppydogs at all, I think you're two whirlwinds—outdoors you go," she said.

So out they went, still full of play, and not knowing what to do.



"Let's go 'way over to that lake, the one the Girl said for us never to go near, 'cause there's Alligators in it," suggested Chinky-Chu, as no good little dog should have.

"All right," agreed Lassie, as no good big dog should have.

It was a pretty lake they came to, a little round lake with sandy edges that were just fine for Puppydogs to play on, and as no one was there today the dogs frolicked to their hearts' content.

While they were resting, after an extra hard run, Chinky-Chu said, "I never saw an alligator, Lassie. Of course you have, being a Florida dog. But I heard an awful story of how a little dog went with the girl-who-owned-him to see some Alligators, and she let him stand on the edge of the pool, and the big old Alligator reached up and swallowed him all up."

"That's true," and Lassie had a twinkle in her eye as she said this. "Alligators love dogs to eat, 'specially little white ones with golden spots on them."

"Oo-o-o!" gasped Chinky-Chu, "of course, I'm too lion-heart-ed to be afraid of one, but that has a dreadful sound. What else do they do, Lassie?"

"They run faster than a man—most as fast as we can—and they go 'Swish-Swank' with their terrible tails, and they can cut you right in two with 'em." Lassie was enjoying telling Chinky-





Chu all this, for the little dog's eyes were almost popping out. The only thing you can do to an Alligator is to hold its mouth shut, for it has no strength in its jaws, and then it is helpless."

"How wise you are, Lassie; you know all about Birds and Beasts, I do believe." Chinky-Chu rose and went sniffing around by herself while Lassie was resting, and on the sandy edge of the lake she saw a lot of queer-looking things crawling about, so she went over to see just what they were. "Too big for fiddler crabs," she thot, "I guess they must be lizards; I've heard of them." And she called Lassie to come and see the funny little lizards.

Lassie came over on a run and took one look at them. "Why, they aren't lizards, Chinky-Chu, they're baby Alligators."

Chinky was so excited she danced around them, trying to make them play and was disappointed when they wouldn't run or play with her. Eight little baby Alligators they were, about nine or ten inches long, little ugly babies with big mouths and warty bodies, even now.

"The baby Alligators can't hurt you, but we'd better look out for old mother Alligator," said Lassie. "She'd kill us in a hurry if she found us with her children."

Gracious! let's go home," suggested Chinky-Chu. "I don't feel a bit Lion-hearted right now."





Just then they heard a funny noise. "Honk-Honk," it went, more like the noise a giant bull-frog makes than anything they could think of, and then they saw a perfectly enormous animal coming out of the lake. It was coming very, very fast, and before the Puppydogs could move they heard the "Swish-Swank" of her terrible tail. "Run for your life," barked Lassie. "It's old mother Alligator herself."

Chinky-Chu started to run, and so did mother Alligator, with her big mouth open as if to gobble her up.

Lassie soon saw that while she, being so big, and having such long, straight legs, could outrun mother Alligator, poor little Chinky-Chu, being so tiny, and having such short bow-legs, was not going to be able to.

"What ever shall I do?" thot Lassie. "If old mother Alligator should eat little Chinky-Chu up I never could go home and tell the Girl. I must do something." And then, what do you think Lassie did? She ran back of mother Alligator and jumped on top of her head! Of course, that closed her mouth, and then Lassie put a paw on it to keep it that way.

"Run as fast as you can, Chinky-Chu, and when you're safe I'll hop off," called Lassie, riding her steed as tho she had been riding Alligators all her life.





After the little dog was far enough away, Lassie jumped off the Alligator's head and caught up to her.

"Whew!" panted Lassie. "that came near being like the story about the dog that was eaten up, didn't it?"

"Yes, it did, Lassie, and if you hadn't saved me I'd be in mother Alligator's tummy all eaten up, instead of going home with you," said Chinky-Chu, gratefully. "I won't forget how you saved my life."

Don't be silly, Chinky-Chu, you'd have done it for me," replied Lassie. "Let's go tell Billy Buzzard all about it."





Panky Poo and the Pink bundle

STRANGE things had been happening in the big house down by the sea, and it had quite upset Lassie's world in particular. It all happened like this.

The Man-with-the-kind-voice, whom she loved best of all, had taken Lassie on a trip. They went in his car and stayed all night, and left Chinky-Chu, the little Pekingese, at home with the Girl-who-owned-her. Lassie and the Man had a wonderful time, but they were both very glad when they drove up the long driveway next day.

After a trip like this Lassie thot, of course, the Girl would be waiting, holding Chinky-Chu up in her arms so she could see them quicker, but this time neither Chinky-Chu nor the Girl was to be seen.

"Strange," thot Lassie—"they never missed before."

Into the house she went. No Chinky-Chu—stranger still. And then the Girl came in and kissed the Man, and patted Lassie, and said, "Come quickly and quietly. I've something to show you."

They both followed her and she took them up to the porch where Lassie and Chinky-Chu both liked to sleep in hot weather,



and there was Chinky-Chu, lying in her little basket bed. Lassie ran over, and what do you think she saw! Beside Chinky-Chu was the tiniest Puppydog Lassie had ever seen! "What do you think of that?" asked the Girl.

The Man and Lassie looked at it solemnly, and then Lassie said, "What's the little puppy doing here, Chinky-Chu?"

It's mine," said Chinky-Chu, proudly, "and his name is Panky Poo. The Girl told me so.

"Where did you get it, Chinky-Chu?"

"The Chinese Stork brought it," replied Chinky-Chu.

"O," said Lassie; then, "He gave you an awfully wrinkled up one."

"Why, he's beautiful," and Chinky-Chu seemed really to mean it.

"Well, he'll be a great care to me, I can see that," said Lassie with her most important air. "You better go take a little walk, Chinky-Chu, and I'll make the basket bed up and lie down with Panky Poo." The Man and the Girl laughed to see Chinky-Chu get up and leave, while big Lassie got as much of her body as she could in the tiny bed, and took care of the little puppy.

Every day after that Lassie helped take care of Panky Poo, and when company came to the big house Lassie would carefully





take him in her mouth and carry him down and lay him before them. After they had admired the little puppydog enough to suit her, she would pick him up and take him up to the basket bed again.

Poor little Panky Poo had quite a hard time being brought up, for Lassie wanted to bring him up like a Collie, and Chinky-Chu thot he should be brought up like a Pekingese, so when Lassie took care of him she tried to train him to sniff with his tiny pug nose as she did with her long one, and his tiny bow-legs had a hard time keeping up with her long ones when she took him on walks up the beach; so by the time it was Chinky-Chu's turn to take care of him he was usually so tired out with trying to be a Collie Puppydog, that she would have to tuck him in his basket bed and make him take a nap like a good little Pekingese Puppydog should.

One day, when Panky Poo was about two weeks old, the Man-with-the-kind-voice came out on the porch where Lassie and Chinky-Chu were trying to teach the little fellow to go up and down the steps, and said: "Puppydogs, leave the tiny puppydog and come with me for a minute."

They followed him in and up stairs till they came to the Girl's room. The Man carefully opened the door and whispered,





“Tiptoe in, as quietly as you know how.” In they went, both walking as quietly as they could.

At first they couldn’t find the Girl at all, and then Chinky-Chu saw her in the bed, and with a little cry of gladness ran toward it, with big Lassie at her heels.

“O, Puppydogs,” said the Girl with a smile, “what do you think I have here?” The Man lifted Chinky-Chu up so she could see as well as Lassie, and the Girl started to undo what they thot was a little roll of pink blankets, and there was the very tiniest wrinkled up baby the Puppydogs had ever seen.

“Isn’t he beautiful?” asked the Girl.

To please the girl they both wagged a tail he was, and then the Man said, “You have another baby now to take care of, Puppydogs. You will have to guard him and help bring him up, you know.” And the Puppydogs wagged a tail they knew.

Then the Girl carefully wrapped the little bundle of pink blankets around the baby again, and Lassie and Chinky-Chu went down to the tiny Puppydog.

“Well, that Little Wrinkled up Bundle, called a baby, will be a great care to me,” said Lassie with her most important air. “We’ll have to teach him him all about being kind to Birds and Beasts, as well as teach Panky Poo all about Men and Manners.”





"Yes," agreed Chinky-Chu, "little girls and boys ought to learn about Puppydogs and Politeness, and I shall teach that little Pink Baby Bundle how we should be treated."

"Not to pull our tails and squeeze us, and not to bother us when we are eating, and things like that, I think you mean," said Lassie.

"And to speak kindly to us and treat us just as they like to have everybody treat them, and remember to be polite." Chinky-Chu seemed to think a great deal about Politeness.

"It will be fun to teach the Pink Baby Bundle about Birds and Beasts and at the same time we can teach Panky Poo his Manners and how to be a good Puppydog," and Lassie sighed as she thought of all the work ahead of her and Chinky-Chu.

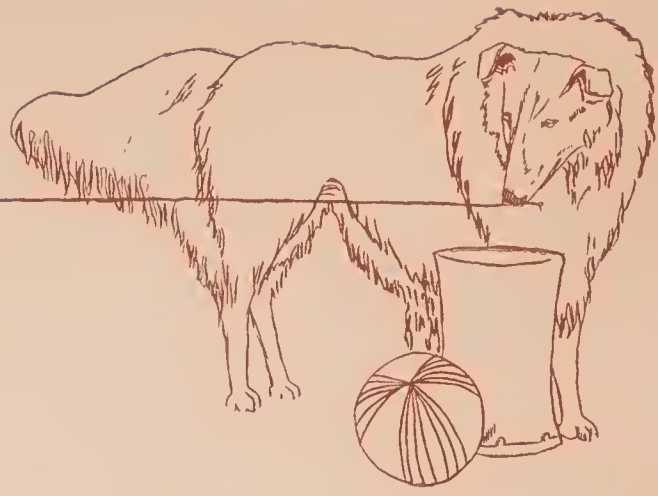
"Yes," agreed Chinky-Chu, "but the Little Wrinkled up Bundle and the tiny Puppydog will be worth our trouble, tho, Lassie; they'll love us as much as we love the Girl and the Man."

"That's so," said Lassie. "The Girl looked happy with the Little Wrinkled up Bundle in her arms, didn't she?"

"When the Chinese Stork brings a little baby thing, everybody looks that way," said understanding Chinky-Chu.

Then Lassie and Chinky-Chu, followed by Panky Poo, who had at last learned to go up stairs, went up to the nursery to take up their new duties, like the good Puppydogs they were.





PUPPY DOGGERELS

A DREAM

The Puppydogs were sleeping,
Both curled up in a ball;
A dream came floating down to them,
That was not right at all.

For Lassie thought she was a Peke,
A tiny little thing;
And many, many troubles
To her that dream did bring.





She went up to the window
To look upon the sea;
Then suddenly she thought,
“Why, this really isn’t me.”

For she was so little
She couldn’t see out;
So she dashed out of doors
To see what it was about.

Then a Mule she spied,
And ran out to bark;
For really, you know,
She thought that a lark.



But she was so little,
And her bark was so small,
That old friend Mule
Did not mind her at all.





So she started off
On a good, long run,
But soon got so tired
It was not any fun.



Bow-legged, pug-nosed,
And too much hair;—
She went home, disgusted,
And jumped in a chair.

Along came a man,
And sat down, gerplinkle!
Then said, "Pardon me,—
I thought you a wrinkle."

She went to the kitchen
For something to eat,
And all they gave her
Was a spoonful of meat.





'Twas hardly enough
For just one good bite,
And Lassie felt that
This was really not right.

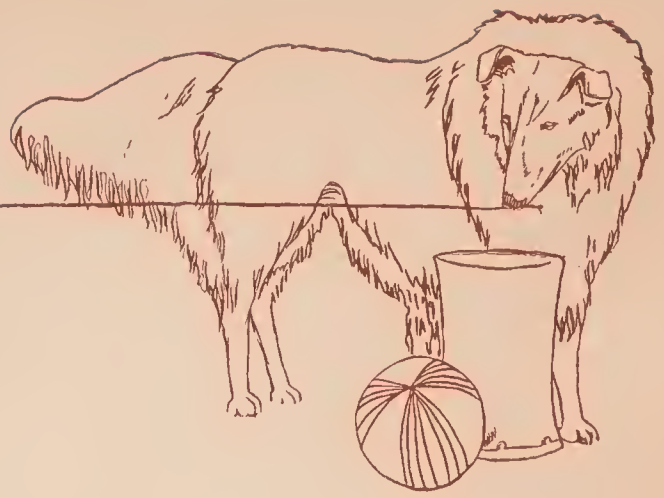
"Dream Man, please,
Take back your dreams;
For I can't tell you
How it seems



"To be too little,
When you've been so tall;
They just can't see
I am here at all.

"I really don't like it—
I'm telling you true;
So please change me again,
I beg of you, do."





NOW WHAT KIND OF A DREAM HAS
CHINKY-CHU?



She went to the window
To look at the sea,
And said to herself:
“This cannot be me!”

For she saw the waves,
All foamy ánd whizzy,
From a height which
Made her heady and dizzy.





So she ran out to see
Her old friend Mule;
And her nose was so high,
And friendly, and cool,

That the mule reached out
With a playful old nip,
And frightened her so,
Off home she did skip.



She tried her best
To sit on a chair,
But she could not
Be comfy even there;

For her legs and her tail,
And even her head,
Hung way to the ground—
“Oh, MY, what a bed!”





She went to the kitchen
For something to eat;
They gave what she thought
Was ten pounds of meat.



"I never can eat it—
Oh, what shall I do?"
And she sat on the floor,
Did poor Chinky-Chu.

"Dream Man," she cried,
"Please make me small;
I don't like to be big,
Not a bit, not at all.

"I want to be little,
And fit in a chair;
For now I have not
A place anywhere.





"I once longed to be big,
But I was mistaken;—
With so much size,
I feel all misshapen."

The Dream Man changed
The dreams again;
The Puppydogs woke up,
And then——



Said Lassie: "I'm glad
I'm not tiny like you,
For I wasn't happy
As Chinky-Chu."

"I agree with you, Lassie,"
Then Chinky-Chu said;
"You see to what trouble
Our being changed led.





“It’s taught me a lesson,—
I never shall be
Envious of others,
And things that I see.”

Lassie replied:

“You’re right, Chinky-Chu;
It’s better I’m me
And that you are you.”

THE END



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